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Eastman
"ZION'S HARBINGER"

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A Collection of Poems Relative
to the Establishment of
God's Kingdom upon
the Earth

by

MISS ETHEL COOPER

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542 East 13th South
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
September, 1927

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**Tribute of Respect as an Indorsement of
SISTER ETHEL COOPER'S POEMS**

by Samuel Eastman

Hail, daughter of Israel, all hail;
Thy voice in prophetic song is heard
Echoing from Zion's everlasting hills
To welcome in the Messiah's reign.

Awake, oh slumbering Palestine awake,
Let Judea's hills reverberate the sound;
With prophetic fire let thy gift inspire
And waft the message the world around.

Hail, daughter of Israel, again all hail,
Let Miriam's gift upon thee dwell,
Declare th' mighty acts God has wrought
And future kings shall thy name extoll.

173 West 7th South,
Salt Lake City
Feb. 8, 1916.

Dedicated to
BROTHER SAMUEL EASTMAN

Ensign of Israel

Let Israel's Ensign now be exalted;
Let kings and rulers bow to his name.
Oh! let the world come out of its darkness,
And hear the message he doth proclaim.

Listen, oh Judah; thou art returning
Back to a land that God gave to thee.
It was the voice unto the Ensign of Israel,
That cried unto God, to set thee free.

Come from the north, ye scattered of
Israel,
There is a prayer ascending for thee.
David thy Prince is pleading with heaven
To cast up the highway and set thee
free.

Give up, Oh south, and isles of the ocean,
The Ensign of Israel is calling to thee.
He is the sign, all Israel must gather;
Without his coming, none could be free.

Honor to thee, Oh Israel's deliverer,
Out of seclusion soon thou must come,
No power on earth can hinder thy mission,
Thou art the one to call Israel home.

Bow down to earth, Oh all-wise Creator,
List to our prayer ascending to thee,
Thanks and praise for our Ensign, Thy
servant,
Hasten the day when he will be free.

GOD'S DESIGN

Far away in dear old England,
In a quaint old-fashioned town,
When the world was in its splendor,
And all nature beamed around,

Heaven smiled and sent a baby
To a couple living there,
And its mother was a Jewess
With a face so bright and fair.

But the dear old land of England
Claimed its father as a son,
And the nature of his country
In the child had favor won.

No one thought it very strangely
That the child was of this birth,
But the holy one of heaven
Ever watches o'er this earth.

His ways are wondrous to behold
And so marvelous to see,
The parents never realized,
What this boy would grow to be.

His childhood days passed swiftly by;
As one year passed another,
He grew to be a stalwart man,
Perhaps as many other.

No creed had ever been his lot,
But his faith in God most high
Had told him in his inmost soul,
He would stand for truth or die.

God's hand had ever held his life,
And he led him day by day,
And kept him from all evil snares
In a great and marvelous way.

He always studied out God's laws,
But in vain he sought the truth,
For he had craved the Gospel sound,
From the very days of youth.

In mighty prayer he sought his God,
 He had read ask and receive,
 Yes, knock and it shall be opened
 Unto all who will believe.

So he asked and he was answered;
 He the gospel message found,
 Though in the depth of poverty,
 The right ring was in the sound.

With wide open arms he grasped it.
 'Twas the answer from on high,
 And so manfully he stated,
 "For the truth I'll live or die."

He embraced the gospel message,
 Yes, and lived it every hour;
 And the great and all-wise Father
 Endowed him with his power.

So he loved and wooed a maiden,
 And he made that girl his wife;
 And the very joys of heaven,
 Seemed to cluster 'round his life.

But one evening while he studied,
 In his quiet little home,
 There was no one to disturb him;
 He was left to think alone.

And while reading o'er the scriptures
 God revealed in the last days,
 And he pondered o'er its verses,
 In a very serious way.

Suddenly the power from heaven
 Burst upon him in a cloud,
 And the voice of the Jehovah
 Spoke in words distinct and loud:

"Thou art called for a great mission,
 Thou art he of whom thou read,
 I ordained thee in the heavens
 To come out of David's Seed."

"In thy day I'll gather Israel;
 I will show the world my power.
 'Tis not yet that I will need thee,
 But in Mine own appointed hour.

"Take the counsel that I give Thee,
 See that no man hear of this,
 Till commanded of the heavens
 In a sacred hour of bliss."

In amazement then he pondered,
 All the words are in his heart;
 But he kept the sacred counsel,
 Never once did he impart.

Time passed by, he came to Zion,
 To the land where Saints did dwell;
 There he often heard it uttered:
 Zion prospers, all is well.

Here among the Holy Priesthood,
 Where they reigned alone supreme,
 Was the Master really honored,
 The one that did the world redeem.

Was this Zion in her glory,
 Where a cloud from heaven should rest,
 And all nations should flow unto;
 To reign with Christ and the blessed?

Many times his heart was heavy,
 As along life's path he trod;
 But he put his faith in heaven,
 Always trusting in his God.

Noble men would oft times bless him,
 Each his mission would foretell,
 And the Lord would send him comfort;
 Then his heart with joy would swell.

Never did he shirk his duty
 As the months and years rolled on,
 Till again the voice from heaven
 Came once more like a sweet song:

"Tis now time to gather Israel,
 I have called thee from on high,
 Now to set my house in order,
 For redemption draweth nigh.

"David's house shall be established
 From that lineage thou didst come.
 Now I send thee on thy mission,
 I will be with thee, my son."

Did he ask his God a question?
 Did he murmur at his lot?
 No, he knew that God had called him,
 And he would forsake him not.

But who would believe his message?
 Where was one that he could find
 Who would have the moral courage,
 To accept with heart and mind?

Then there came the hours of darkness,
 Wife and children all forsook;
 But he waded through the blackness,
 And the bitter cup he took.

Did he murmur to the heavens?
 No, he said, "Thy will be done,"
 And I'll battle with it, Father,
 Till the bitter fight is won.

Yes, he stood the bitter mocking,
 For his God alone he stood,
 Nobly he told his message
 To the Father's great Priesthood.

Oh, did they believe his message?
 No, with anger cast him out.
 And they branded him apostate.
 "False deceiver," they would shout.

Years have passed since God has called
 him.
 Many noble souls have raised
 And received the glorious tidings,
 Unto God they give the praise.

And the nucleus now is spreading,
 Far among the Saints of God,
 And the once rejected servant
 Now is honored on this sod.

Blessed be the ones of heaven,
 Praise we give to God's great name,
 And we hail the glorious message
 That our Christ will come to reign.

Blessed be his noble servant
 Who stood through the darkest hour,
 Never wavering in his Maker,
 Never doubting his great power.

Though he waded through deep water
 And the world was dark and cold,
 What our Master did take from him
 He returned a hundred fold.

Hail we now his years of mission;
 Praise we give to God on high,
 For the everlasting knowledge
 That redemption has drawn nigh.

Glory be to God in heaven,
 Let us praise his holy name,
 Let us hail the gladsome tiding,
 Soon our King will come to reign.



A MARVELOUS WORK AND A WONDER

Heavy hung the clouds of darkness,
And the heavens were as brass,
Not one word of revelation
Had been sent for ages past.

Earth was full of base delusion,
False creeds issued everywhere,
Preaching in a great revival,
Here is Christ and lo! he's there.

Till a boy so young and tender
Wondered which of these were right,
Seeking in the dear old Bible
That he might receive some light.

When his eyes fell on a chapter,
And he read it o'er and o'er;
For the key of restoration
Was now at earth's very door.

So he read, if man lack wisdom,
(Oh, he could forget it not)
Let him ask of God the Father,
Freely gives, upbraideth not.

So he tested God the Father,
Asking in a simple prayer,
Which was truth and should he join
them?
Which one did the truth declare?

Suddenly a light appeareth,
And so radiant did it shine,
Then he heard a voice from heaven,
"Join them not, they're none of mine."

Lo he then beheld two persons,
God the Father and the Son.
And he heard the Father whisper,
"This is My Beloved One."

So he shook the very heaven,
And the Gospel did restore;
As each day he grew more faithful,
Truth revealed as days of yore.

One night as he meditated
 How before his God he stood;
 Yea, seeking him in mighty prayer,
 As only a Prophet could,

Suddenly a light descended,
 And his room was filled with light,
 For an angel stood before him,
 With a countenance so bright.

And he read to him the Scriptures;
 Isaiah eleven, Acts the third,
 Joel the second and Malachi;
 These are written in God's word.

Did these speak of Joseph's mission,
 Nay, but one far greater still;
 It spoke of the House of Jesse
 And the heavenly Father's will.

Then the angel spoke to Joseph,
 And he whispered to him then:
 "A marvelous work and a wonder
 Is about to come to men."

Thrice that night he came to Joseph,
 Thrice these scriptures to him read;
 "Nay, these are not yet all fulfilled—
 Soon will be," the angel said.

We know, Joseph brought the Gospel,
 And God's Church he did restore,
 With the principles and power
 As it had in days of yore.

But the wondrous work and wonder,
 Did the Church receive it too?
 Nay, not then, but now it's coming
 Unto you, ye humble few.

We know God has sent a servant,
 Who has come from Jesse's line,
 With this marvelous work and wonder
 And a message most divine.

Oh, can we conceive the glory,
 Can our feeble minds reach out
 And receive the glorious tidings
 That this work will bring about?

Can we comprehend its meaning?
 Do we know what God will do?
 We have heard the marvelous message
 From God's servant staunch and true.

Do we know it means returning
 To a land where God will dwell?
 God and saints will live together,
 Near the land where Adam fell.

No more pain, O no more sorrow,
 God will be its very light;
 A resting place for the weary,
 A fiery pillow for the night.

Our loved ones who have departed
 We shall soon behold again,
 And the Saints, the pure in hearted,
 Shall welcome Messiah's reign.

Prophets who have gone before us
 On this earth again shall stand;
 All united with our Savior,
 What a glorious heavenly band!

Oh, can we conceive the fullness
 Of this marvelous wondrous work?
 Raise and praise your God and Father,
 Never from your duty shirk.

What though earthly friends despise us,
 And the world upon us frown?
 Let us praise our God in heaven
 We this glorious message found.

May we live to meet our Savior,
 Gaining knowledge day by day;
 May we struggle every moment,
 Keep the straight and narrow way.

Jesus soon will come to greet us,
 But the world will never know,
 When the call comes from the Temple
 May God grant that we may go.

Let us praise God for this message
 That the angel brought again
 For a marvelous work and a wonder
 Is about to come to men.



SHINE, O STAR

Arise and shine, O wondrous star,
Emblem of Jesse's line;
O let thy lustrous beauty shine
In splendor most divine.

Shine of stars that cluster round it,
In thy majestic power;
Oh, shine out, thou Star of David
'Tis thy exalted hour.

Bethlehem beheld thy glory,
Hailing the heavenly king,
When the shepherds on the hillside
Heard the holy choir sing.

Shine again, O Star of David,
Hailing another birth,
Offspring of a noble lineage
Is now upon the earth.

Arise in thy wondrous splendor,
O let thy glory shine;
Hail, O hail, the Root of Jesse,
Oh, star of stars sublime.



THE LINE OF DAVID

Long years ago in ages past,
A Patriarch did live,
Upon the plains of Mamre,
This land the Lord did give.

God called from his Father's house,
And gave him this great land,
That he might worship his God,
How wonderful and grand.

God loved this man called Abram,
And blessed him with his might;
He was tested and found true—
He fought a gallant fight.

A promise God made to him,
That in and through his seed,
Every nation should be blessed—
Let us this promise heed.

Numerous as the stars above,
And sands upon the shore,
His posterity be on earth—
Why should he ask for more?

Abram's wife was past the age,
And never bore a child,
When God promised her a son,
She turned away and smiled.

God is mightier than man,
His power is yet untold,
Sarah did bring forth a son,
When she was bent and old.

God will fulfill his promises,
Let no man tell you nay,
Though it seems impossible,
He will provide a way.

Abram loved this promised son,
But loved his God the best;
He was asked to sacrifice,
And surely stood the test.

Offered him up to his God;
 A commandment was given,
 'Twas just trial of his faith
 Sent from the courts of heaven.

God stopped the hand that would slay,
 "Abram, spare the boy,"
 It was a voice from on high
 That filled his heart with joy.

God had seen the faithfulness
 Of Abram, man of God;
 He will bless thee and thy seed,
 Wherever you may trod.

Isaac grew to be a man,
 And lived a noble life,
 And Abram sent to Nahor
 And found his son a wife.

Damsel from his father's house,
 A maiden pure and fair—
 God looked from his throne above
 And blessed this happy pair.

Twin sons were born unto them,
 God's purpose to fulfill;
 The younger one loved his God,
 Obeyed His holy will.

Blessed now was Jacob,
 The birthright he possessed,
 Blessings of the first-born son,
 Upon him now did rest.

For Esau sold his birthright
 To his younger brother;
 Jacob received the blessing,
 Aided by his mother.

Then he left his father's house,
 And journeyed to the land
 From whence his mother did come,
 Led there by God's own hand.

'Twas there he received his wives,
 Blessings to each one comes,
 Our God looked down from heaven
 And gave this man twelve sons.

He worshiped God day and night,
 He lived a holy life,
 Served his God when days were bright,
 When life was full of strife.

And God loved this humble man,
 His Spirit on him fell—
 "Thy name shall not be Jacob,
 Now I'll call you Israel."

He lived, loved, and served his God,
 With life's race nearly won;
 He called his sons together
 And blessed them one by one.

Blessed them each one in his turn,
 Till on fair Judah's head
 Placed his hands upon the boy,
 These words unto him said:

"Sceptre not depart from thee,
 Judah, thou blessed son,
 Nor lawgiver from thy feet
 Until Shiloh shall come."

Mightily he blessed the lad,
 That through his seed shall come
 Holiest Man that dawned the earth,
 God's own beloved Son.

Twelve tribes were upon the earth,
 That came from Abram's seed;
 A nation God had set up,
 This plan he had decreed.

Down the line from Judah's race,
 Oh, let all Israel sing,
 Anointed by a prophet's hand,
 Came David, Israel's king.

Who walked in the ways of God,
 And served Him staunch and true;
 Our Father thought of Israel,
 His promise did renew.

"David, thou son of Jesse,
 I'll call thee now My own,
 Thou shall never lack a son,
 To sit upon thy throne."

“Man can’t break the covenant,
That causes night and day;
Will I break this covenant
And cause it to decay?”

The Holy One of heaven
Through thy seed shall come,
And down through all the ages,
Be called thy greater Son.

How well we know our Savior,
This promise did fulfill;
Born from the house of Judah,
A God by Father’s will.

Down through the darkest ages
Has Judah been forgot?
Has God revoked his promise?
Nay, I will say He’s not.

Preserved the House of David,
And they are still on earth;
Here tonight we celebrate
The milestone of a birth.

One from the house of Judah,
Who as an ensign stand,
The promised root of Jesse
Is here upon this land.

God blessed the house of David,
Hail thee, all Judah’s race!
Promises will be fulfilled—
Judah must have its place.

O, give Ephraim the priesthood,
Let Judah never fall,
But carry off the kingdom—
The greatest work of all.

Hail to the root of Jesse!
God has preserved thy line,
And He will bless thee greater
Within the coming time.

He has fulfilled His promise,
All nations have been blessed,
With every tongue and people,
The seed of Abram rests.

His promises to Judah
Are all about fulfilled,
For the root of Jesse's with us,
As God the Father willed.

All Israel must be gathered,
All tribes must gather home,
For God will claim His people,
No matter where they roam.

The time has come to gather,
The root of Jesse's here.
And soon the stem of Jesse
Again shall reappear.

Oh God, we come before Thee,
We thank Thee for this man,
Thy son, the root of Jesse,
Blessed be thy heavenly plan.

Oh, hasten on thy kingdom,
Let Judah come again,
Then come, thou son of David,
Upon the earth to reign.



A STRANGER IN HIS FATHER'S HOUSE

A stranger in his Father's house,
Yet he a God was born,
And angels heralded his birth
There in the early morn.

There where the Priesthood's power held
sway,
There where they taught his word,
But when he came they knew him not,
Their Savior and their Lord.

Although their prophets said he'd come,
They knew the time was near,
For they had read it in their laws—
They looked for David's seed.

But when he came obscure and poor,
And in a manger lay,
No, this was not their God and King
Asleep there in the hay.

A stranger in his Father's house,
Creator and a God,
He made the earth, he made the man,
And placed him on the sod.

But now he comes on earth to dwell,
And mingle here with man,
To die and rescue him from death—
This was the heavenly plan.

They knew him not, this God and King,
Though to his own he came,
They scoffed at him when e'er they met,
Reviled his holy name.

But ere they put this God to death—
Ah, 'twas the blackest deed—
Before he suffered on the cross
He left with them his seed.

But did this stop the work of God,
Or frustrate the plan?
Nay, God the Father rules on high—
Cannot be stayed by man.

So, coming down the stream of time,
 Till on fair England's shore
 We find the scattered seed of Christ—
 God had kept them in store.

A couple weds, a son is born,
 A strange and only child,
 Then all the heavens sang for joy,
 Bowed to earth and smiled.

Was it by chance this child was born,
 Or was this to be decreed?
 All prophecy must be fulfilled,
 And we should see his seed.

He grew apace, this strangely child,
 A wonder to his own;
 Unlike the men of common race,
 A stranger in his home.

With graces of a kingly race
 That dawned the grandest throne,
 With gifts that only God can give,
 And that unto his own.

The gospel message found this man,
 And yet he knew not why,
 But he was born for this grand cause,
 Designed by Him on high.

A stranger in his Father's house,
 But God had set his hand,
 And guided him from England's shore
 Unto a promised land.

A place where God's own people dwell,
 With Priesthood and its power,
 To be preserved by God's own hand
 Until a needy hour.

Ah, then it came, a call divine,
 A knowledge of his birth,
 The Lord our God had spoke again
 To man upon the earth.

You're the one of whom you read,
 The root of Jesse's line,
 Yours is a great and marvelous work,
 A message most divine.

The rightful heir to my Priesthood,
 Surely the day shall come
 When as an Ensign you shall stand
 To gather Israel home.

I'll put my power within your hands
 To set my people free;
 You shall set my house in order,
 That I might come to thee.

I'll be with you from time to time,
 For I am here to bless,
 Do all things in humility
 And in all righteousness.

A stranger in his Father's house,
 Sent to his Father's flock,
 But did they heed the message sent?
 No, they would only mock.

Hated, despised, but firm he stood
 To do his Father's will
 Though all were arrayed against him
 His mission he'd fulfill.

Cast out by God's great wondrous Church
 Because the truth he told,
 And yet it was foretold he'd come
 By holy men of old.

Loved ones forsook and dear ones fled,
 And he was left alone;
 He drank the cup of bitterness,
 Ah, there among his own.

Dark are the minds that will not see,
 But spurn the thing that's true;
 So he forgave, for them he prayed,
 They know not what they do.

A stranger in his Father's house,
O God, we pray to thee,
Hasten the time when he'll be known—
Stranger no more he'll be.

But in thine house let him be known,
Yes, as thy legal heir,
When David's seed will be in power
Within the house of prayer.

O God, again we pray to thee,
Let Israel's King soon come,
For then we know he'll never be
A stranger in thy home.



GOD'S DECREE

Long before the stars of heaven
Shone out in their golden sphere;
Long before the sun of morning
In the east did there appear,

That the Gods communed together:
"Let us go down and make an earth,
That the spirits I've begotten
May receive their joy and mirth;

I will give to them a body,
They'll become like unto me—
Then we'll all rejoice together,
Through the vast eternity."

Earth was made; it was completed,
And the Gods said it was good,
As they viewed the grand creations
From the place on which they stood.

Eloheim, the God of heaven,
Viewed the work when it was done;
As his glory shone around him,
Turned unto his Elder Son:

"'Tis decreed that thou must suffer,
For you know the plan is pain;
If they may return unto us,
Like a lamb thou must be slain."

Silence reigned for just a moment,
Then he spoke, the Father's Son,
"Blessed be the God of heaven;
Father, let thy will be done."

O never was a love so great,
Never was a heart more wrung,
As the Father stood in silence
And beheld his Elder Son.

What a sacrifice awaiting
For a God so great and high,
That we may receive salvation,
He must come to earth and die.

Listen to the angels singing,
 "Peace on earth, good will to man,
 In Bethlehem is born this day
 A Savior," the message ran.

To the shepherds on the hillside
 At the setting of the sun,
 Did the angels bring the message,
 God had sent his Elder Son.

Did they find him in a palace
 With a crown upon his brow,
 And the robe of royal purple,
 Best the money would allow?

Nay, but to a lowly stable
 Had the little stranger come:
 Cradled there within a manger
 Laid the Father's Elder Son.

Fair he grew, this child of service,
 There was none that seemed to know
 Who this stranger was among them,
 Wise and great, yet meek and low.

With his fame Jerusalem echoed,
 Greater deed had no man done,
 The sick were healed, the blind did see,
 Healed by God's great Elder Son.

Did they love this God of heaven,
 Though he was disguised as man?
 Nay, they all designed to slay Him,
 And they carried out their plan.

See the shadow from the hilltop,
 Of a cross on which He hung;
 It was finished, He has conquered,
 Blessed be God's Elder Son.

Now He comes, this God of heaven,
 Will He now a stranger be?
 Oh will He suffer as of yore
 On a cross at Calvary?

Nay, not now, O Christ eternal,
 All Thy suffering is done;
 As King of Kings and Lord of Lords
 We will hail God's Elder Son.

We are waiting our Redeemer,
 Watching for Thee day by day;
 May we be prepared to meet Thee
 In the straight and narrow way.

Thou didst think of us, our Savior,
 And to us a comfort gave,
 'Twas the plan of life eternal
 And a hope beyond the grave.

And a messenger Thou sent us,
 In this dark and gloomy hour;
 And the time is fast approaching
 When Thou comest in Thy power.

Thou hast veiled this humble Servant,
 Who He is there's few who know,
 But we hail Him, root of Jesse—
 We who love Him here below.

When Thou comest, wise Creator,
 As the thief comes in the night—
 Thou wilt recognize Him, Master,
 And to us will give the light.

As the Father did before Thee,
 When Thou said, "Thy will be done,"
 Gaze with love and tender mercy,
 Savior, on Thy Elder Son.

Speak again, Gods of creation,
 Say to us the work is done;
 Come again, O God of heaven,
 Come to us, God's Elder Son.



JUDGE NOT

Oh judge not that ye be not judged,
These words our Savior gave
When He came here upon this earth,
A dying world to save.

O love thy neighbor as thyself,
And God with all thy heart;
Two great commandments thus He gave,
O from them ne'er depart.

Do unto others as ye would
Have men do unto thee—
These are the teachings of a God,
Sent from eternity.

Yet, how oft in our human sense
We will judge another,
And in our weakness crush the soul
Perhaps of a brother.

O have we caused a heart to ache,
A tear to dim the eye;
Oh we must reap as we have sown,
In the sweet bye and bye.

O may we all for wisdom pray,
To judge in righteousness;
That we may all unite as one,
That God may smile and bless.

Let's greet each other with a smile
And shake a kindly hand;
That we may help our brother man
To keep the Lord's command.

O may we ever live in peace,
O may we ever live in peace;
Extol God's holy name,
That we may dwell with Christ on earth,
When He will come to reign.



THOUGHT

Thought is but a radio flash,
Tuned in the human brain;
It stops and lingers for a while,
Then passes on again.

Sometimes this flash returns to us
All beautified by time,
As if it comes from heaven above,
A spark of light divine.

O how it luminates the face,
Inspires the very soul;
Determinates your inner self
To reach the unseen goal.

O then once more when days are dark,
And we again tune in,
We strike another far-off land
So full of grief and sin.

It flashes through a darkened brain,
And fills the heart with hate;
You're moved in anger, doubt and sin,
The soul can't moderate.

O turn away from such a flash,
And let the mind be clean;
Tune in where inspired thought
Flows like a mighty stream.

O let your thoughts be clean and pure,
Wherever you may trod;
Yes, let them be a radio
Between yourself and God.



BEAUTY

I've heard man speak of beauty,
Of eyes that laugh and dance,
And lips that curve in splendor,
Where loveliness entrance.

The shapeliness of woman,
The rounding of the arms,
And hair where the sunlight glistens
With all its grace and charms.

But hidden beneath this splendor,
Beyond the laughing eyes,
There he our God created
The soul that never dies.
And in that soul he planted
A beauty all its own,
With charms oft-times unnoticed,
Yet given from His throne.

A heart that beats for others,
A love that never dies,
Where selfishness is smothered,
There charms of kindness lies.

Intelligence is given
To glorify the mind,
That shines out with a lustre
In deeds so pure and kind.

The charms of woman's beauty
Fades with the coming time,
As each year brings new sorrow
And each care brings a line.

But there's a hidden splendor
That grows with time apace,
For greater than the beauty
Of any lovely face.

If He'll grant my desire,
As onward time will roll,
I'll ask our God to give me
The beauty of the soul.



FORGIVE

The human race are prone to sin
And make mistakes in life,
And by a thoughtless word or deed
Have scattered pain or strife.

Yet he who caused this life to be,
The great and Holy One,
The giver of all perfect gifts,
That sent to earth His Son,

That he might teach this sinful race
Some of the gems of heaven;
Forgive thy brother man on earth
Yes, seventy times seven.

O, blessed are the merciful—
They mercy shall obtain,
And love thy neighbor as thyself
Till I shall come to reign.

O judge not that ye be not judged,
But in all righteousness
Forgive that ye might be forgiven,
If ye your sins confess.

These gems the God of heaven taught
To man upon the earth;
That man might be like unto him,
Receive a heavenly birth.

O, let us be more like the Gods,
While here on earth we live;
Be slow to judge and quick to love,
And by all means forgive.



LIFE

O, My Father, thou hast sent us
Here on earth, sore trials to bear;
If it be thy will, O Father,
I will gladly take my share.

Yet I often sit and ponder
Of that heavenly land so fair;
Up among those happy angels
Will there be distinction there?

Will the poor be all forgotten?
Will the rich there take the stand?
Will we be united, Father,
One bright happy, holy band?

I am but a poor, weak mortal,
But with shame I bow my head
When I think of those tender words
That our living Savior said,

When He spoke unto the people,
In the book that He has given,
"Blessed are the poor in spirit;
Theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Then once more my life seems brighter,
And life's path I gaily trod;
O, saying to my troubled soul:
Leave my future life with God.



TRUST YOUR GOD

If perchance life's pathway's dreary,
And your soul is crushed and weary,
You can make it far more cheery,
Trust your God.

When deep trials gather 'round you,
Darkness clusters and surrounds you,
Maybe they were sent to sound you,
Trust your God.

If perhaps some dear one leave us,
Pass away and sorely grieve us;
It was He that did bereave us,
Trust your God.

When some day our hearts are aching
For that loved one He is taking,
Rest assured He's not forsaking,
Trust your God.

In this world of pain and pleasure,
Joy will come in a full measure;
O make Him your lasting treasure,
Trust your God.

Earth was made for our progression,
We must overcome transgression
Ere we enter our possession,
Trust your God.

Let us press on and faithful be
That we may gain eternity,
For He still holds our destiny,
Trust your God.

O, then one day the sun will shine
Our life be pleasant and sublime;
The Master whisper, "These are Mine,"
Trust your God.



